



# Gardening at Night

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## Spark

it's embedded in the distance between you and i  
rewind one day let feet loose behind gloss of eyes  
where we rose once more to dream pages fell like  
seduced clothes like blood-drawn merlot dripping  
from the tops of blackened trees blue eyes of god  
dear lonesome-fingered dribbling ball through  
the abandoned building's devastated hallway  
hold back my hand mathilda i have no idea  
in the slit space that lucifer left

## Dissipate

waiting the longing the bouncers of you  
waiting on ahhs or crucifixion diction  
being chaplin in each armpit

smoking a cigarette with predestination  
and turned somewhere her focus on faces  
is like headlights' sleep deprivation

like a violence her mystical doom buggy  
scurries out of secrets most important  
is bodies some ketchup in yr need

## The Butterfly Collector

totally lethargic silhouettes of communication  
celebrated beehive blaring going gone open like bed  
be fucking alarmed draw bridges of my otherwise self  
drugs fall from american clouds over belgium like candy  
it's a parade get trying you scrawny lines and drink  
fine minutes to reevaluate party i felt a dark night  
in her pocket she's saving kaleidoscope for a rainy day  
to deluxe down the quiet street i'm cosmic champagne  
enters the etcetera have good make-out repeatedly  
appreciate my voice really lonely shape conversation  
ought we talk with sometimes the afterglow of heroin  
she's death-defying the jitteriness mirror is a movie  
substitute the blood for ketchup buckle your hearing  
like a truant does with true daring life is a butterfly  
my hands just grown two words and tiny poem lips too  
that cursive factory muffins and moves stars the first  
wasn't stuck on my weekends on top slide up very happy  
she and a wilderness for the stairs like waves  
soulmate throws a sensitive jungle at our keepers

## Vault

spoon-feed the sunday papers  
more than fooled me and you  
in the eyeballs friday high

slept book wanting is numbed  
to indigo what does you must  
understand that feeling is wound

## I Swear

i am writing down numbers  
there's a look in your eyes  
that screams *moscon, bitches!*

you've pinned god to the ottoman  
like a crushed mosquito elsewhere  
munching moon the kids play dominoes quietly

*pretend to give a fuck i dare you*  
*i swear once i published in this literary quarterly*  
and start to hold my breath and think virgin again

dear brethren and sistren infatuated with irony  
i swear the depth of this bread goes on forever  
while a good portion of the world is starving

the balls of this poem are sagging south  
i've stopped making plans expecting her call  
i can't sit through movies at all anymore



## **Eucharistic**

congregate like the washington monument  
bright hydrants shapes of being awake  
recurring still supplied memory we'll hook  
up thoughts dispensing fleshed steadily  
like yellow lips decompressing a map  
hard twists of night radically lilt  
to know long returns clad in black robes  
by an absence like a lifer'd found the egg

## Aftermath

threatening  
the cards with pictures  
of our smiles pasted on  
slide across the table  
single file

my inability to anchor  
makes everything go wrong  
*it's not how old i am*  
*it's how old i feel*  
gone to numb  
be back in an hour

the hospital of all our tears  
is cranked up with silly gas  
is vomiting potatoes and jello  
is under the shocked glow of electrocuted lights

i can't make any promises  
i can't make it to a meeting  
they don't want me on the premises  
all that i *can* seem to do  
is write some stupid manifesto  
that i hope someone someday'll read

we're communicating by sign language now  
the house is very quiet in a foreign tongue  
my language won't let me take exile anywhere  
it's best to keep quiet don't wake the place  
that preface that wouldn't have us to begin with

## Dance Of Days

upset umbilical cord  
dear stranger untangle  
yrsel true from  
shadowy companions  
face it is too accurate  
it is too strange to feel  
hording hours and dance  
keeping the booty hidden  
dare light a match  
with trembling hand  
my senses've slapped me silly  
so many times when i  
do this private alphabet  
or that way it's guarding my night  
it's kept itself  
obliterated tenant  
disregarding my evictions  
my transparent foreskin  
gardening in foreign soil  
those left behinds are seed  
drooping heads someday soon  
like cigarette *but's*  
say *whatever*  
just keep an eye on  
take care

## Anxiety

trace your jonesin' to the house  
we'd camped in all winter  
virgin mothers crowding the quarters  
extreme prediction to *i don't know*  
the boredom you've felt is all a dream  
i should know i've visited twice and plan  
to go back next year for a vacation with  
the whole fam convenience store sore eyes  
haunt my bespectacled life exquisite salivating  
an ivory whirlpool *pardon me* the film blurts  
*of course it's styrofoam the leopard's eyes*  
*are made of and of course you can pet it*  
*it was you vs. the city your left hook*  
*spun the streets like a fiend's eyes*  
*aimed at cornered world settles in a candle*  
*for your mouth to shove through*  
*the inky tentacled nettles of dark*  
*we are made of what the stars shot back*

## Allure

transparent mattresses gray clouds  
stars of sad reunions  
sad centers of nectar  
frigid with ground below  
the spinal cord of  
is rotating hum  
is splintering  
wooden halo  
beneath the weight  
taken in installments  
anything is moon  
wear it  
whether pills or  
metallic sacrament  
saharan depressions  
the days' dials pursue  
robes flowing behind  
profound obsessions  
stringed instruments  
purpose is problem  
she'd kicked her habit  
i'll admit  
that i was hesitant  
infested persistent  
a leg up her skirt  
is motivation  
lurking around  
the telephone booth  
with its sincerest face on  
my legs would not and still  
last night  
the rosary between her knees  
her face from east to west  
like an echo between poles  
it was emotionally close captioned  
it read like telepathy as it  
struggled from shoulder to shoulder

## Goodness

she looked so real  
i couldn't bring myself  
to hold her muster up  
the sky is funeral blue  
as anxious earth unrolls  
before and behind you  
a glued face to a window  
is where goddess  
refuses intervention  
a glued face to a window  
is a face instead of you  
unsteady on glossy feet  
the city's recycled son  
packing an unheard-of heat  
in his tight jeans levi's  
two neon virgin marys  
flashing in his scrambled eyes  
or remember when norfordville we'd went  
to do when you'd thrown away important  
that day way back in her ageless beauty  
the clouds pissed all of this passionate intensity

## C U Later

soft voices  
like splintering haloes  
make moon wear it as habit

speak because sadness  
grows the most  
like your name

i've gone leaving  
my evening sun  
'til morning

last night  
going like you this way  
sad and still recalling

oh the morning  
send a ghost please  
with a cellphone

i text that *it's ok*  
i text *taste this way*  
i text *c u later*

## South

the milk is drunken by death as well  
builds strong bones that last an eternity

shrunk under this i refuse to believe  
what you'd never let me bejewelled lobster

incredible the time her with her big mouth  
and now her with her incredible soul stun

tonight i'm keyholing because i want to dream  
i want to eat ice cream fuck my face with vanilla

tomorrow i'll get lost in mathilda's clocks arms  
half-naked to forget this mess this single file of bull



**10:15 saturday night**

struggled up from sleep  
from the glow that fires her fingers  
sweet consequential sweat aloof  
like lonesome in snow globe

thought that if i'd told  
or if you'd stayed still  
long enough if being anyone  
is being everywhere else but

you've shrouded yrself in silence  
excused myself from room to smoke  
distracted bored long drags tilted  
to find her something in my stacks

## Catholicism

guilty pleasures twist their faces  
it's night alone technicolor elves mirror eyes in corners  
angles maneuvers shapes a girl who hacked your myspace  
elude the tetrahedron distance self from the swerving clouds  
the promise of paradise now reflected in the solar billboards  
your etiquette and your large portions your exploding humility  
you're keeping your options open contrary to promises  
you're working in the mine just like the last husband  
who'd lost his self swallowed up by the corridor's dark percolator  
it was another language called outerspace it was the twilight zone  
in wisconsin and we model before the moon our melancholy rags  
like we're illegal taken up residence in a hostel her face  
her lips the words were falling to the world incriminating  
watch the chimneys pipe up *out of our way* static static  
i never turned the radio on it must've been from on high

## semi-cynical friend

particulars i didn't want him in on  
she did for whatever this room's far  
too too short rocks a *why*  
dinging to staring at the ceiling

*i feel uncomfortable you didn't have to end*

that stray explanation was never delivered  
her family was against couldn't digest it  
i wanted to interrupt *keep them necessary*  
*keep them* plucked bankrupt guitar string

*i wonder what she does alone there at night*

everyone thinks that daydreamy stillness is most radical  
my trajectory included under the hardcore night and  
its breakable bulbs it drags from some source and drags  
and it keeps dragging my semi-cynical friend

## **Empowered**

she's empowered by a multi-faceted attraction  
like her food subtitled when she's gone out to eat or at home  
her tubular hosts were very gracious this communion around

## **Stereo System**

beneath the documents you'll not find me  
i will be too small for sight to run around me  
my inner consumer glows like radioactive light  
i am inoffensive i am polite  
be one with my stereo system

**lonely-limbedinthesmokingdarklikearun-onsentence**

the mushroom clouds in the way she walked that night  
turned heads i was very amused chewing cuticles  
the triple-head of the moon was flaring outside  
taken by the window we see it like sand

don't go into medusa's VIP room  
the wallpaper's peeling falling's the ceiling  
i get triangled each time that i skip the cd  
climb back to my anxious tower  
lonely-limbedinthesmokingdarklikearun-onsentence

## BC

lost in the raging sound  
a face is splintered  
through the club  
and its web of smoke  
all eyes die here  
at their feet the ladies  
shiny north pole they swirl  
to stun the masses stupid  
at the edge of the world  
renee especially  
i walk through you  
your legs suit me  
where i wish to move  
through your eyes  
offer a bouquet  
to shadows  
to love

## Stress

forget cloud forget sky is undressing us  
hands on table keeping company keeping contours  
a procession of narcotic hours that follow  
a residual haze clouds our sight that follows  
the laser pointer slashing across the horizon  
tomorrow's too much in denial of today won't let  
lines on maps gums numb dumbest look on my face  
surrounded by incomprehensible winds of near-spring  
yes you i forget how many times you've had to let go  
that you've had to resign or collapse it like eyes to sleep



## Latitudes and Longitudes

surely i'd pulled her back in worthy her hair like an oil spill  
fall down around her eyes mathilda a net mathilda i'd let her stay  
my house my play with my snakes once staked up from the carpet o  
fire remember ours mathilda no photos left was bad were stolen  
take this with a grain a grain of salt mathilda staked to stand  
'til it's something much different like an inescapable planet  
or a play skool crwth a flirty toothy smile sincerely yours mathilda  
occupies face its latitudes and longitudes a cultural whipping  
still recognize maybe accomplishments once rehab's done a trophy  
and spring's run up hyper my accomplice mathilda my mathilda play  
see her with snakes handle the accordion to get born to baptize by fire  
i'll wash my hands in this forever to rid myself of this guilty sadness

## **Big Black Car**

numbed to beautiful in indigo room glazed daisies or  
three fleshs congregate like the washington monument  
bright flashes specimens shocking eyes move like headlights  
to the ceiling saturated with jack on fire taught bodies  
in circles hollar fire hydrants ours are stars the flower  
of our mouth an asterisk inverted kiss pretty the shapes  
the most taboo the shapes the smoke the shapes outsided

## Issa

rhythmic waves of pink  
i'm thinking  
find me behind  
the walls  
i'm wrapping  
my mind around  
say it's majestic  
baby say it's majestic  
say it's pure  
the anaesthetic  
to life's many complexities  
strange hypnotic projector

## Slowdive

slept against it was merely imagined  
two faces merge sweetly in the happening  
hard twists of night radically feeling

desperate attraction i've opened  
a book on my lap *sacrilegious excretions*  
the lamp's glow is wound it bleeds the room

haunted by like secrets is wanting  
is knowing is like thoughts dispensing candy  
is resurrection radio telepathic transformation

most important is to know who you are

## Anais

the streets were on my eyes  
i've lived her all of my life  
is chased is being called haunted

thrust witness employee of the profound  
such life's recycling icicles selling souls  
that night i'd met you i was really down

## Joan

the fool on the water or hidden purity  
connected somehow triple-hipped divinity  
recurring still we'll hook up in the ether  
at least has it occurred to you peripherally  
multi-faceted wonderbodies her eyeballs  
are deities out there somewhere her focus  
fingernails pretty kissings and otherworldly  
her facings and her goings scantily clad  
waiting on cab the trees so high that night  
on stilted legs windless with unknown pleasures  
we've become three that none other can name

## Synonymous

the broken hills in her one day tall as statue shocking eyes  
there i fell in american silence at the deaths we've done  
i feel like saying it's never over the thoughts nettled  
the thoughts that snake through the city like spies  
the thoughts that have settled and through her

architecture conspiratorial spires hers where she went  
how she came about the windows in our eyes rolled down  
to squeeze the breeze and colors between scandalous shutters  
haunted a thousand words ghosted white under long heels

seen in the entries and exits revelatory  
felt passionate afters longing for approval  
is sincerity to offer up on shoulder  
what's true is there's torrential anticipation

## Astral Plane

i held her against me like moon it was the pavement  
and prevalent streetlights that made her uneasy  
her ascetic's face shining like a digital camera

guitar strings plucked each in a slow procession  
images of her face projected saintly stained  
the room crazy playing *astral plane*



## All Eyes

*for Melissa*

shaken with all of this we have eyes  
to see ahead of us no one comes to set up  
always she opened the mirror very quietly  
like fate the flowers continue on throughout the day

always always remember pure unsupervised stares  
our breaths that other lovers view on a screen unfurl  
behold the many marvels of darkness  
in front of in the face of very near

## After

Is that under crusts, which burst willing, to the benefit of a close once. Have our hands never to consume, the things meantime, it is concerned, is concerned. Human hanker after only once: Acquire a word, pure, they own older, according to the period of existence.

Between O, much of this, and us and keep forever unspeakable. Bring it yes but yellow insists, that in advance the hammer is our hearts, to be speechless in the valley of small waves. all of the heavy, say the same things as the experience, doing without and, avoiding fate, not ourselves, seems not cover. Wow, the stars, are here perhaps.

Here is the tongue between smiles: Do not say: house, bridges, wells, future...

So the pain. So O what remains. Everything other, exercise of the heart, a handful of unspeakable -ists.

## Stock

behind endless tilting unspeakable sums rich in this hibernating  
spread out the infinite ground added under smudged in cheerfully  
here this has become becoming whose condition is growth growing  
storeroom full of winters is vague depending on how you figure it  
either completely farewell forward or crawl back into your heartfelt

## Threatened

i am by myself i'll admit my wounds  
i am not a house i am not on strike  
what should i do should i live all mouth  
when you threaten to remove my night my day

## Mister Voyeur

a staggering stranger falls from the triangle of yr eye - the moon's cuticles bitten at by wolves - the vegetable of yr song increases when the flash is on - tantalizing tremolo tangerine why must you move me so - if she's a plane i'm on it don't bother waking me from my innocent slumber i dream of juggling three moons like grins in catholic school - indecent little rebel wipe the beat off of yr noise - meanwhile i'm sprawled out on the ottoman pointing at the ceiling little words roll 'cross like "desperation" - pardon my absolute privilege i answer to no one nowadays i'm texting - it sounds like something sexual when the motor hums - good heavens the village's been taken over by giant glacial insects - cloud above i'm not sure that i can say that to yr face

## **Mangina**

my mangina is the screw  
by which you thread  
your not so secret nights

don't bother my beer  
i'm drinking

## Anyone

a song sung *will you take me there* your eyes lowered - i was shoveling up the look on my face whilst the carrots danced in the moon's silky panties - the tv nodded *yes* then *no* its double chin bowling - the anchor man gave us dirty looks when we'd turned to each other - *tits* and *kodak* and *bowties* were the first words come to mind adjusting monocle in her rearview mirror - you were laughing so hard that your tears were blue flying saucers that tattooed yr arms and neck - little bird it is lonely feeling like the only one in the room - how many have sat across from you?

## Eventually

the other side of the room is lonely - you're flaunting hours with wads of bills each fisted - there is a carnation in the middle of all that green - my mouth's burning *the sun was especially bright today i'd say* - the chill of the picture window is overwhelming the world seems powder blue - in my chambers all night thinking insomnia's what's happenin' smoke eased out of lips into a daisy glaze - when i stood there surrounded by all the cold hands on the 4am big black car feeling nothing whatsoever like i'm disastrously hungover but i ain't been drinking nothing - when one turns into five give me a buzz on my submarine line - if you turn to page 25 of your really rad oh so cool comic book you'll find the answer to your question - thought bubbles become effortless after practicing daily six months or more on the tips of your toes - i'd rather rent another porno than endure the 45 minutes left of this one - *you pest you know nothing of time* the elderly woman shouted on the cover of a tabloid - smoking a menthol like an alpine breeze and swaying from feeling alright to not so well



## A Rap for Andre Breton

the shipwreck of the hair follicles of the sun as sung by the phoenix fox choir of spastic city elastic -  
turntables like elephant trunks you wish them to be still so - horseback rode a circle and there you  
were at the city's limit - she turned her hand just so when the trees appeared like curious heads at a  
poker game - she was absolutely red bobbing head watching the follies on the wall - her boyfriend's  
got a sexual projector he plays these video things we all watch amused biting our cuticles - somewhere  
a lonesome pitiful man that it's convenient not to recall is turning over trashcans reeking whiskey  
trying to recapture a blue obnoxious and jealousy note that got lost somehow with mustache on - *what*  
*is glamorous* was said montgomery clift as he fell from our television set - she'd poured us both a dixie  
cup of milk from the head of a lemur now so her torrential pep talk *broadcast to your little burgundy soul's*  
*bootielicious content please but don't get swallowed up this industry will laugh hysterically as it slaughters your testicles*  
*in the piano keys of infinity*

## **Kizza Me**

the problem is i'm smitten - when you're out next catch a movie huh? - pore feelings find out exactly  
i'm disorganized - i need what happens like a cancer - there i've said it i hope that you're happy - the  
tongue all up in insistence like it's going out of style whispers whiskey exhaust where are we? - love  
always is like wow she scores eternity's gears so pretty - must be uh um hips like religious sacraments  
- monogamy y'dig? - when you've figured out what it's all about write me a long nasty letter full of  
naughty details okay baby?

### **Stroke it Noel**

a hand beauty you a napkin with ink - let's pause just drop the something happens if you wanna dance  
or maybe escape false alarms with two monks beamed here from holographic isles - smiles are purging  
special money baby - she's miss america swan-like she's went from one decade to the next effortlessly  
- what exactly? - what is it vacuumed up the little i thought i could feel?

## Loony

i am sitting in the same place i was waiting was ten million years ago just didn't know you then the way that i do now - set your controls to dub paranoia's twin suns are setting upon her golden age like hyenas in an abandoned swimming pool *just look at the time!* - never called is like an infection every time that i picture us pseudonymously fucking straight at me like *my hands are illusions that what have you felt for eons is touching on predestination whose chain-smoking is loony* - when you mix pomegranate with pornographic why what you get is an uber-bizarre casserole that is one part shitty and two parts edible

## Excuses

monogamy naughty details okay baby? - wanna dance or maybe escape intangibles? - back then i looked same as i do now in an abandoned swimming pool as simple as spit - catch a movie huh? - i hope that you're as happy as love always is like y'dig - when you've figured out the two monks beamed here from afar set your controls to olympic-sized disorganization and crank the king tubby - the tongue all up in wow she scores what exactly? - what exactly is waiting ten million years ago every time i want you to know?

## **A Limited Supply**

problem is i need what happens like insistence like it's running out of pretty that i want to love - must be uh um a long nasty letter full of something happens - take one of these is for if you didn't know you then - we're lost in that picture hangs on the wall of us chain-smoking like hyenas

## Iceland

Listen to one word more of mind and brain that proposes that the winter's fires are drunk away on the whole of the brain is impossible, unparallel, and inconsolable as far as body goes or, with inherited tendencies; or, is soonest fled else the bells toll. The don't, I beg you, is a soap bubble, whose spherical shape is not defined by charity, or a divine formula, but rather it emerges spontaneously by who for such scraps stakes his own life acting at all points in the spend it fast simultaneously. It's not a game of Operation or Idiot, where every computation is broken down into when slowly we breathe it out. The ash is separated refers to the form-forming capability of dreamy literature, particularly with respect to the visual recognition of some cigar-shaped things you've seen hordes of lines and curves spiraling out from the hive.

\*

The arbitrariness of lovely in the cancel zone is seen especially when make sure the black light is on: Is what hand over hands finds actually real? Dearest, are we to speak of the reality of crossword eyes? For rabid intuition, the colorfulness and the swirling through the room are the reality; Ejaculate, it is the flow of self, the duration, that dissolves the landing gear; Geography, stumble through the acts in which individual objects are meant without boundary as isolated units, with hard contours like his gray face rising in the mirror or a congregation of apartment buildings to dwell together in.

\*

The arbitrariness of light reality of intuition, the brain that proposes fled dreamy cancel zone make sure speak swirling through the hard contours. The flow of self, rising in a congregation of the impossible seen hordes of out there. Ejaculate and room are isolated units, with gray drunk away hope to be a soonest you. For rabid the acts are meant without boundary of the brain inconsolable as defined by charity, or rather game where every computation is cigar-shaped things lines and curves. Dearest of the Landing Gear, face buildings hand over hands it is the duration that mirror winter's fires.

\*

particularly with scraps in the breath

## Dear Consumer

once there was track and field  
blue lightnings quizzical smoking  
in vacant lots of eyes

huff the fumes  
the grass so green  
all of us nowhere young

now it's sincerity spread thin  
waiting for some skin trophy  
something adequate merchandise

adjust yourself  
standing tall back  
to pyramid



## Numb

i was trying to adjust the face ahead of me with little success - they were served large portions of meat-like product - when my eyes no longer served for me a refuge i escaped way up through the hills - two idiot kids are lounging around fucking up the atmosphere with their smokes - i meditating take big long drag off my cigarette - what are the tinier piano keys for? - i apologize that i've gone very far ahead of myself - the astronaut giggled as smoke ran through his vacuum hoses - spacey in the key of now can feel that drifting about directionless spinning peripherally - at the foot of the stairs someone quite mad was burning his manuscript - around the campfire that night we'd all admitted that we couldn't feel a thing

## **Wilderness**

as fast as an elephant with big teeth - just blink and the room darkens - enormous objects on shelves  
too small to hold - i wandered through that garden once one night way back - my reflection was  
grotesque green stumbling through the forest's hanging vases

## **Inexplicable**

expressway - heldhand tourists like clouds - i must confess that there's something that i need to tell  
you - past hotels with faded yellow windows flickering in and out - the sinuses full forced out a few -  
you must realize that this is difficult to translate - a murmur through bones travels - ribcage of stars  
swollen in the night sky - it is hard to fall hard - all over adjusting radio knobs - silos like erect nipples  
under the moon rolling fields of pubic fur - his spectacles were like two televisions fixed to his face  
imagining

## Movie

a hum in seashell ears - what have you come here for exactly? - entries disturb and lights flash bright illuminating prisms of sweat - the flesh wiggles the flesh is malleable - heavy metal drumming psychotically at the back of the throat to say just what's pulsing in the seams of mind - couldn't predict this - trauma makes the world go 'round - birds' eyes are very small very miniature and disconcerting - in the back of her mind a quiet voice carved down to a hush drags her feet toward something unknown - know that days have passed - what can treatment do for me? - terminated eyes smile in the cold cold room because love might be - the pricks in the clouds above are purging - the sky above is pearly white - when you're out next weekend do you want to catch a movie? - something's slowing down - each follicle recognizes this and each pore

## Scattered Pages

disordered breasts exposed to the sky. treble weather forecaster says is beautiful to. big shadows creep speakeasy. is beautiful like water as it falls. shadows increase the bass to speakeasy. combing pubic fur like so many diary scattered pages. combine each look like a creep or marquee. from station to station falls the weather forecaster says is beautiful weather. increase the breasts the pubic fur exposed to the sky like a marquee. is beautiful combing speakeasy which sends the noise like scattered pages.

## **Blowdryer**

finders. keepers. losers. weepers. fist in mouth again. the shopping bag's in the mirror sad. it rains. paralytic song on the radio. i'm a warrior. where's the pyramid thing? the blowdryer? the signal? umbrella overhead everyone's playing cards in america. whistled a sad song on the radio. the paralytic's shopping bag. finders. keepers. weeper's fist in the mirror playing pyramid again. the radio rains whistle on america. clouds away. the sad blowdryer overhead.

### **Little Giggles Open Like Books**

just lay down now. i am here. affordably american belt buckle thursday evening 9pm illinois. she's went. lay now. trembling egg sockets. pull cigarette from pack from pocket the wind instead. the wind instead of it's outside. she's parked her car in the look in her eyes. she's already there back to heineken bottle big green glass shards. american living room 9pm body odor affordably. sober. again. american using one year ago. lent abstraction she arrived then. just okay. distracted poem from dining room to bed. anything. miss. pots and pans. little giggles open like books to real again.

## **Spiritosexual**

shy about the crimes in my lines and the croons in my tunes - have been spending winter withered in  
ski mask anticipating spinning springs - in the back of the church she's praying crucifix twist breasts  
pendulous and unnerving - breath check the how much you been drinking - unswerving this belief in  
psychosomatic exploration of spiritosexual texts - what's next?



## **Botox**

baby check my breath - there's somewhere a box spring mattress for us - swaying on pills young and  
horny under the calcified thighs of electric lights - outside the pines are restless clawing at their pants  
- paint a pretty picture - what will this do for us if we invest in it? - dj vegas verlaine is spinning wax  
in the back of my mind candleeyed - scandalous remember when no one wanted to take her home and  
she cried because she wants to be wanted

## **Solitary Charm**

sway in on vines streetangled relevant elaborate like dylan disguised and why? - elephants cascade the street with giant hooves - once gin and tonic television screen on birthed my red alert verses - pulsating head out downtown bobbing cigarette dangling dirty jeans soulheld recitation step by step - brother daydream and sister psychic carnation hear ye hear this llama man stray with dig pocket change

## Pastels

she's screwed with and eluded you roach clip pinned to necktie - botox these lips that i might speak every word that you're entitled to - somebody send a tissue what's a young man to do? - threw some bitter batter in that only intensified this solitary matter - this scandalous palace is a blue duplex that every daisy croons - first is best and i'm getting undressed to impress? - down for the count under a stoned-ed ceiling swirling above me - guess me please i'm a mutant guerilla i'm a zen master i'm an armadillo i'm sealed over 'cuz it's what impulses wanted

## Celebration

everyone says i'm looking better healthy this time  
and there i sit dimly crazed peripherals of color'd spiraling tassels  
and dumb politics having shit fit about and he'd read it in the paper  
so it must be real so he said it like it was the last supper and  
neither tim nor i could believe setting his phone to vibrate  
the colors in each camera exalt intersect in mid-air doubt  
and marie's smiling baby on knee who'll never know the kremlin  
and word's pass adrift like a bobbing tire on rope on water  
and the ashtray crucifix steaming under black coffee  
and my brother claustrophobic in the kitchen grinning  
like jesus or something or everyone else can  
go and fuck themselves  
when it's getting later  
i should be sleeping  
i should've eaten  
there are canes at walgreens  
and wigs  
some brightly colored  
many many wigs

